



MEMORIES



## The Reliability that means Sound Tire Economy

Reliability is the most important consideration among motorists today. It is the foundation of service.

The whole effort of the United States Tire Company is devoted to making tires of unfailing reliability.

All the rich experience of the first and foremost tire factories in America has been combined with superior facilities and the purpose to make good tires.

The result has been that sales of these good tires are increasing tremendously.

Right now when supreme service is demanded by the work of war,

when every resource must be devoted to national welfare, United States Tires are more than making good.

This reliability of service not only produces the low tire cost per mile that constitutes real tire economy but increases the usefulness of your car.

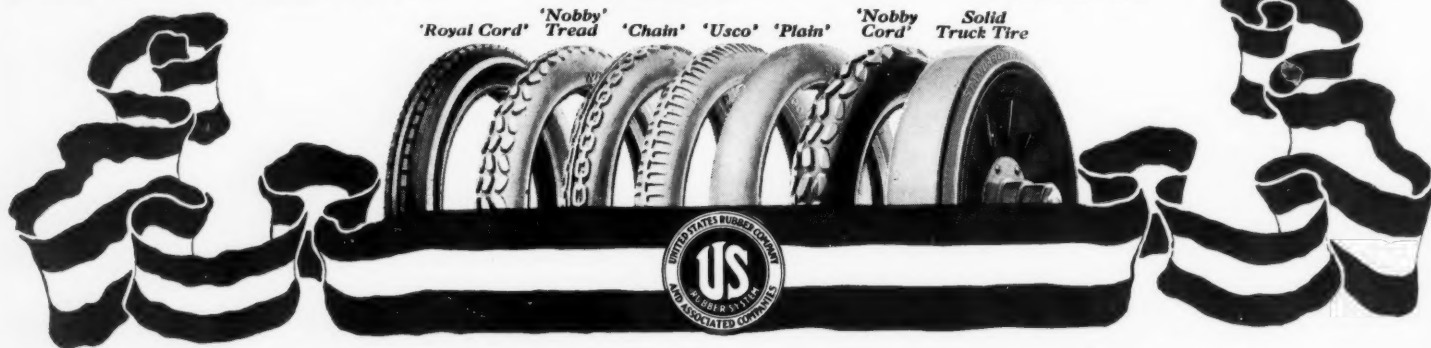
Equip your car with United States Tires.

In the five United States tread patterns there is a type that exactly fits your requirements.

Any one of the thousands of United States Sales and Service Depots will give you careful and courteous service.

## United States Tires are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby Tread' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain' 'Nobby Cord' 'Solid Truck Tire'



## The Yankee Smile

"Over there" they remark that  
our fellows are "always smiling."—  
*Irvin S. Cobb, war correspondent.*

OVER the sea they go with a smile,  
Never a thought of fear!  
While fond hearts follow them, mile  
by mile,  
Blessing, and prayer, and tear.

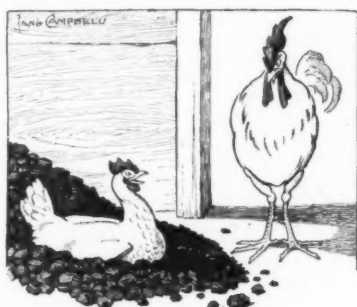
Into the camp they go with a smile  
And a friendly helping hand,  
And a bit of a song, in soldier style,  
To hearten the waiting band.

Into the trench they go with a smile,  
Like the warmth of an unseen light,  
With whispered story or jest to wile  
The weary watch of the night.

Into the fight they go with the smile  
Of a courage half divine,  
Whether they march in rank and file  
Or ride at the head of the line.

Always smiling, come good or ill!  
In the battle's smoke and noise,  
Facing death—they are smiling still,  
Our glorious Yankee Boys!

*Madeline Bridges.*



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT DIRTY  
STUFF?"  
"I HEARD THAT NOW IS THE TIME TO  
LAY IN THE COAL."

**The BILTMORE**  
43rd and 44th Sts. and Madison Ave.  
**The Cascades**  
19th Floor—Always Cool  
Most unique dining room in New York.  
New decorations and lighting effects.  
**Dancing**  
Supervision Miss Florence Walton

**DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES**

## America's Gift to American Women

Supremely chaste! As delicate as old ivory with all of ivory's charming tones and grainings—yet American made throughout—such is Ivory Py-ra-lin. And from this exquisite material American craftsmen, working in American laboratories, have fashioned the most dainty toiletware. Beautiful things—ideal gifts—real toilet essentials—that appeal to every gentlewoman.

The more exclusive shops are showing some unusual assortments—each genuine piece daintily stamped with the quality mark Ivory Py-ra-lin.

Make it a point to see this distinctive ware.

A brochure upon request.

**THE ARLINGTON WORKS,**  
Owned and Operated by  
**E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.,**  
725 Broadway New York, N. Y.  
Canadian Office and Factory, Toronto, Ont.

Visit the Du Pont Products Store, 1105 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.

Mark X before subject that interests you and Mail This Coupon to  
**E. I. DuPontDeNemoursCo.**  
Advertising Division  
Wilmington (Life) Delaware

<input type="checkbox"/> Py-ra-lin Toilet Goods
<input type="checkbox"/> Challenge Collars
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<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Dynamites
<input type="checkbox"/> Trapshooting
<input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Acids
<input type="checkbox"/> Bronze Powder

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Address.....  
City.....  
State.....

**DU PONT**

## Discontinue

NOTE.—The United States government—through the War Industries Board—has issued the following to newspapers:

**DISCONTINUE** the acceptance of the return of unsold copies.  
Discontinue the use of all samples.  
Discontinue giving free copies, etc.  
Why stop there? Why not discontinue the use of the Congressional franking privilege?

Discontinue the *Congressional Record*?

Discontinue Mr. Creel's Public Information Bureau?

Discontinue articles by Cabinet officers in the Hearst periodicals?

**BOLSHEVIK SOLDIER:** Why do you awake me to bring me this uniform?

**ORDERLY:** It is your turn to be the general to-day, sire.



## Letters from the Rear

II

(To the boys at the front)

Fellows:

When you are off somewhere fighting like h—l, you don't have much time to think—except between times, and then you do a lot of it—and it is just during these moments that you go back in your mind and wonder what the folks at home are doing. Everything that you have left seems more or less like a dream, and it's hard, very hard, to make it real. The worst of it is that you can't help but be suspicious, especially when the mails are held up, or you don't hear regularly. You want to keep your mental picture of home, and not being able to connect up with all of the details, you begin to imagine that things are happening that are really not happening at all. Well, believe me when I say that things are happening here just the same as they always were, but we don't seem to know it so much. The fact is, those of us who have to remain behind haven't got our minds here on anything but you. You are the great factor in our lives. Every little story about you boys that comes trickling through the press is grabbed up and devoured offhand by millions of us. So don't get uneasy. If someone tells you we are not awake, don't believe them. We are actually getting into this war up to our necks here at home. We've got to. The pacifists and slackers are doing the great fading act.

Yours,

*Life*

P. S.—Do you understand about this page? It is really an advertising page, intended to secure subscriptions to LIFE. But, aside from the atrocious coupon that the effete business office compels us to print every week, we don't stick to the card. We oftentimes have things in this page that have not the remotest bearing upon the great art of securing subscribers. It is just as we happen to feel.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52 Foreign, \$6.04.)

### Coming soon—a great patriotic number of Life

Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.



... and at all 6 stands  
in the Capitol building

*A fact:*

The 6 tobacco stands in the Capitol building at Washington are patronized mainly by the big business and professional men from all sections of the United States who are constantly coming into and passing out of Washington.

At each one of these stands more Fatimas are sold every day than any other cigarette, regardless of price—which seems to show that the preference for Fatima is really nation-wide.

*Liggatt & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# FATIMA

*A Sensible Cigarette*

Men who think straight and decide quickly like a cigarette that, besides pleasing their taste, leaves them feeling fit throughout the day.



# THE ROAD TO BERLIN BEGINS IN AMERICA

---

**A**S a truck manufacturer, in nation-wide contact with all phases of motor truck transportation, this company sees a grave menace to the American public through the lack of well-constructed roads.

With the industrial machinery of America harnessed for war and depending upon motor trucks for a constant flow of materials, the failure to maintain existing roads, or to build them of lasting construction, delaying the movement of war supplies, is a national peril equivalent to giving aid to the enemy.

War's ramifications reach every city and hamlet. The "peace road" of today may become a "war road" tomorrow. After the war it again becomes a "peace road" whose strength must be equal to a tremendous highway traffic. It is imperative, therefore, that we build permanent roads capable of standing heavy traffic and they must be built from state line to state line to connect all centers of production and population.

## Railroads Cannot Carry the Load

War has added enormously to peace traffic. Highways must relieve the railroads and highways *cannot* unless they are built to endure heavy trucking.

Last winter, more factories would have shut down for lack of coal, large cities would have suffered from food famine, and war exports would have been retarded, if motor

trucks had not been able to operate from country to city, from inland to seaboard. But, *all* of this assistance was *limited* by the scarcity of good roads.

## No Use to Produce Unless You Can Transport

The transport arteries of the nation *must* be kept open. That is a war essential. The 400,000 motor trucks in this country will not suffice unless each renders the utmost service. Trucks must run faster; carry heavier loads and, wherever possible, return loads. They must consume less fuel; they must use fewer men; *they must keep going*—performances which are *limited* by road conditions.

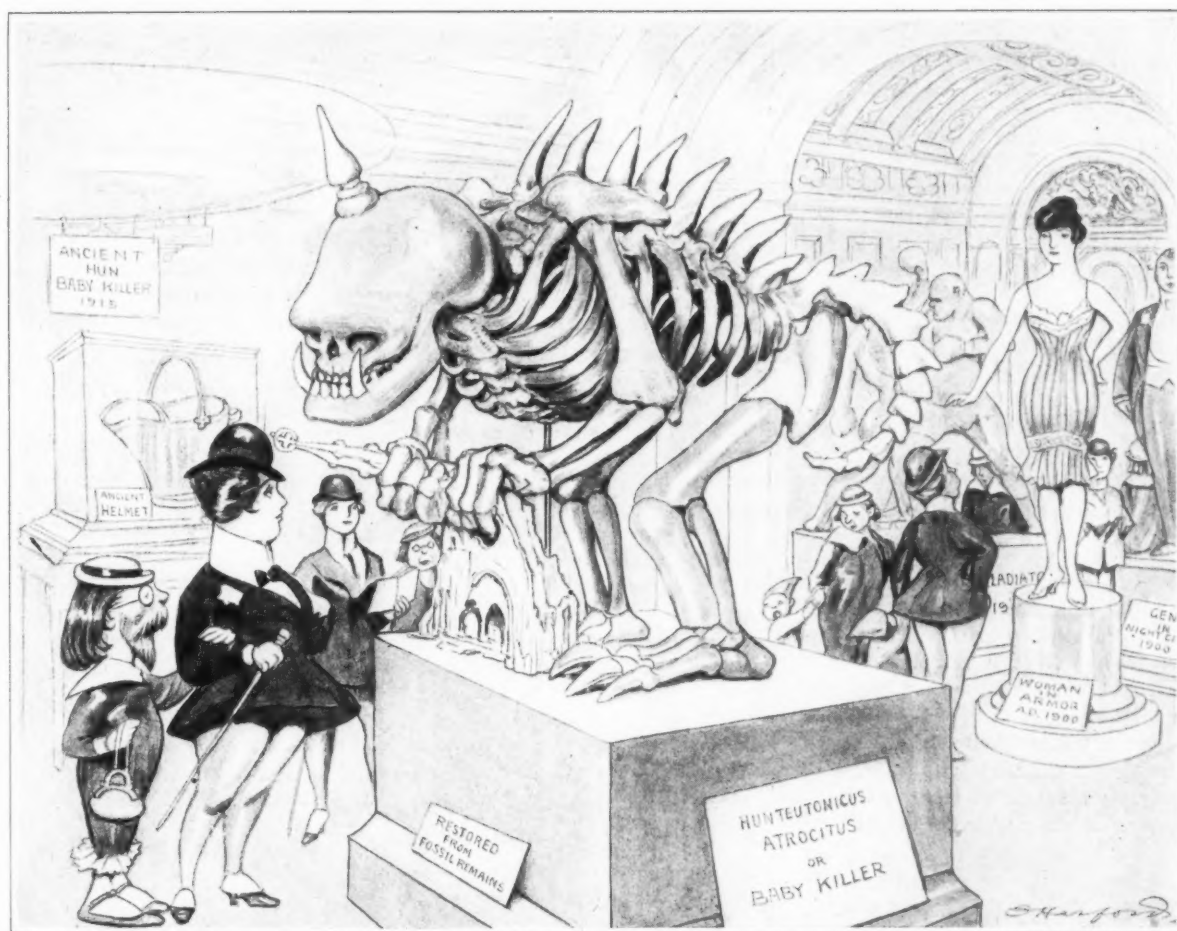
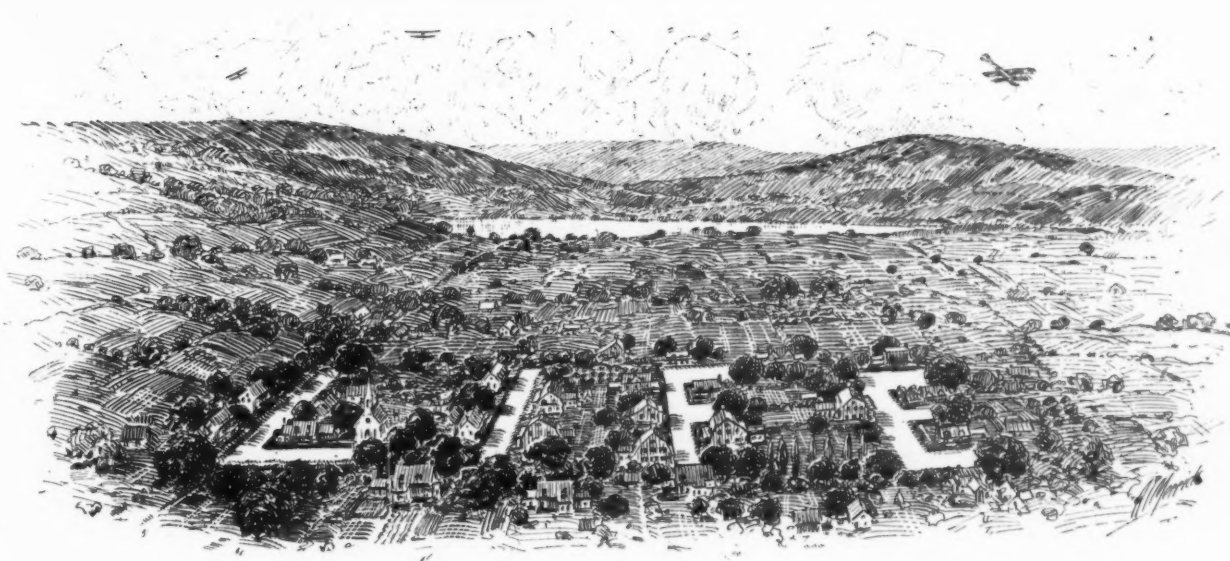
## "Work or Fight"

This applies to machinery even more than it does to men, because machinery multiplies men. A wide expansion of truck service on our highways would release armies of men who could be better employed.

Permanent Roads, not temporary repairs, are needed. We have two million miles of road and only one percent of them are permanently improved. Think of it!

As far as money, men and material can be had, road construction should proceed at top speed. What is done this summer will help to feed our people next winter and *keep industry going*.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*



MRS. TOOLER-MONDE, PRESIDENT OF THE FORTIETH CENTURY CLUB, TAKES HER HUSBAND TO SEE  
THE NEWLY RESTORED PREHISTORIC MONSTER



## Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$7,380.73
Jack Kent	10.00
"17 Battery Place"	100.00
N. E. Parish	25.00
"In memory of Lloyd"	25.00
Bess Jameson	3.00
Lewis, Carol and Edna Lapham	21.00
Henry W. Banks, Jr.	10.00
Mrs. Robert Spencer	5.00
James Creighton Deyer	2.00
Henry J. Bailey	14.00
C. C. Castles	7.00
A. S. P.	10.00
John B. Phillips	10.00
D. T. Owen	5.00
Mrs. W. B. Stirling	25.00
A Friend	5.00
Henry Wineman, Jr.	7.50
Howard H. Fitzgerald	15.00
M. E. B.	5.00
Elizabeth and Prescott Colby	7.00
Jocelyn Stebbins	5.00
Tom and Carter Carnegie	15.00
Alice C. Wetmore	10.00
Emma S. Daddow	7.00
Mrs. W. E. Lowe	10.00
"In memory of E. E. B."	7.00
Jane Scott, additional	.08
Mrs. Lloyd Chandler	7.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Castle	50.00
C. and M.	5.00
H. T. W.	10.00
Mrs. William Alexander Lieber	7.00
Mrs. Charles B. Towns	10.00
Brownie	7.00
Mrs. Richard A. Parker	15.00
Mrs. Albert Massey	1.00
F. E. C.	5.00
In memory of Doctors Tom, Dick and Harry	3.00
Anna J. Valentine	7.00
Martha H. Clark	10.00

\$7,883.31

### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Box of children's clothing from Mrs. Nellie H. Rundle, Chicago, Ill.

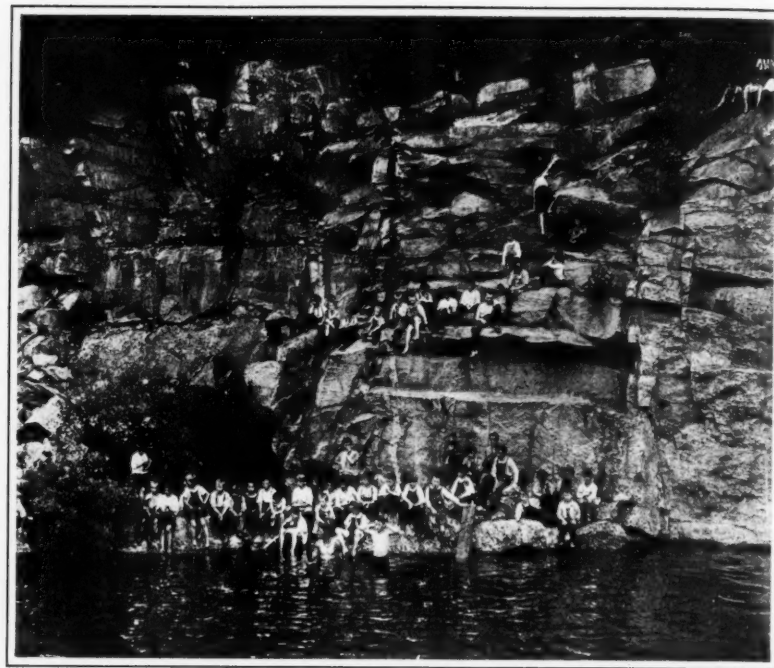
Box of children's clothing and shoes from Mrs. Clarence Illingworth, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

Box of children's clothing and shoes from The King's Daughters, Branchville, Conn.

Twelve pairs hose, twenty-four union suits, twelve pairs bloomers, twelve dresses, twelve boys' blouses, twelve pairs boys' pants from Mrs. Wm. Stuart Rodie, South Orange, N. J.

## The Value of a Bad Boy

WHO can estimate the intensive value of a bad boy in any given neighborhood? What a stimulant to the imaginations of all the good boys, besides furnishing them with an object lesson of what ought not to be done under similar circumstances! And what a constant and delightful topic of discussion of the most helpful sort! The grim necessity of keeping away from the horrible fascination which generally attaches itself to him, the courage of open contact with him which is often developed—all this is constructive educational work of the highest



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM  
AT THE STONE QUARRY

importance. Knowing how to meet and mingle with bad boys, when to quit them, how to make the most of them, when to circumvent them and when to emulate them—these helps to conduct can scarcely be overestimated.

Then again, there is always a kind of mystery about a bad boy which leaves a margin of continuous speculation. After everything has been indubitably proved against him, even then there is always a healthy suspicion that at any moment he may turn about and astonish the world. Other bad boys have been guilty of doing just this thing. Why not he?



WILHELMINA TELL

## The Modern Cupid

I KNOW I may be stupid  
In love's beguiling arts,  
But I can't see why Cupid  
Should be portrayed with darts.

Perhaps in olden ages  
Of which the poets sing  
Upon their lyric pages  
That might have been the thing.

But now—away, romances!  
Let us with darts have done!  
I find in Mabel's glances  
A rapid firing gun!

Clinton Scollard.





*Bloody Bill:* SAY, GIRLS, INSTEAD OF GOING ON WITH THIS, LET'S GET UP A NICE TREATY, AND I'LL SIGN IT.  
*"TOO LATE, BILL. WE KNOW YOUR SIGNATURE."*

## Notes on Poverty

*By a Householder*

I MANAGED to secrete half a pint of certified milk left over by the baby this morning, and later on divided it with the cat. My wife never missed it.

Last night we discussed the possibilities of my getting a new suit—as to the desirability there seemed no doubt. After going over my accounts, however, I discovered that I would have to pay for it on the installment plan, and as these installments would be practically identical with those on my Liberty Bonds we abandoned the idea for another month. I am hoping that my present trousers will evince enough patriotism to stand by me during the melancholy interim.

I regret to say that we lost our sec-

ond golf ball on Saturday last, and my wife and I are reduced to one for the present, so we can no longer play together. I have cautioned her, on the days she uses it, not to indulge in her unfortunate habit of topping, as even now the ball is not in good condition. We could buy five more by redeeming a war certificate, but perish the thought!

A grand day to-day!

This afternoon, rummaging in the attic, I came across an old pair of shoes that I hadn't seen for five years. Also my wife found an old tea gown, and out of it made me a fine suit of pajamas. Also our hens laid two eggs more than usual. To cap the climax, Aunt Jane, who was coming to pay us a visit, wrote us she wouldn't come, but would ship us a cheese. Who says that God is not good?

"I SUPPOSE I can rely on these eggs being fresh?"  
 "Certainly, madam. We get them direct from the manufacturer."



TOO LATE

## Life's Horoscopes

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS



WITH Mercury, Mars and Neptune in full vaccine with the Panama Belt, mosquitoes on the face of the Moon and the orbit of Aries crossed with the goat, this young man appeared in Mobile, Alabama, on October 3, 1854, Dauphin Avenue and the Battle House being in transit with the lower bay and Tombigbees inoculated with the Big Dipper. Under the cusp of Saturn, in perihelion with Norma and Microscopium and constantly attended by osteopaths, he is destined to live long, but, if prescribed for in the usual way, should beware of snow, rain, hail and ocean travel. Will do his best work in silence and without interference, in the presence of a numerous army. Looks best in an antiseptic mother Hubbard of fluted rubber, with tire irons on the side, and when removing appendixes or conferring with the Secretary of War should invariably wear a wind shield.

ROBERT LANSING

WITH the Great Bear on his beam ends, Mars crossed with the house of Bryan and Neptune in submersion with sea wolves, this gentleman was born in Watertown, New York, on October 17, 1864. Since then he has been attending strictly to business, and being too modest to attempt being President, is therefore doing good work keeping his name out of the papers and acquiring a unique distinction as one of the few members of the Cabinet not writing for the Hearst papers. Is possessed of a sanguine disposition, knows there is a war going on, and should beware of southern congressmen and foreign ambassadors, and see Colonel House at least once a week. Looks well in bifurcated passports, and if asked to sing at any time, should confine himself to that popular ditty composed by Mr. Garfield, entitled, "Keep the Home Fires Burning—Maybe." When Teddy Bears are rising and the perihelion of the Pleiades is crossed with Oyster Bay, should look pleasant, but not too pleasant, taking only one McAdoo tablet before meals or immediately after retiring for the night, always bearing in mind that, no matter what happens to him, he is still in transparency with the G. O. P.



### That Was Different

THE COURT (to mother): If you are going to let that boy of yours act in the movies you'll have to get a permit.

MOTHER: No, your honor, not in the movies. He's going to work in a factory.

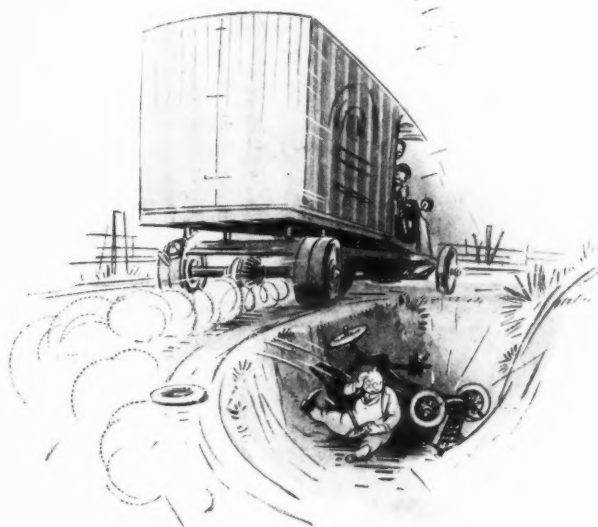
"Well, why didn't you say so before?"



Enemy Alien (just released): GOOT-PYE, LIDDLE INTERNMENT CAMP! I SHALL ALWAYS FEEL DOT DE DAYS SPENT MITIN YOUR CONFINES VERE DE MOST COMFORTABLE OF MEIN LIFE.

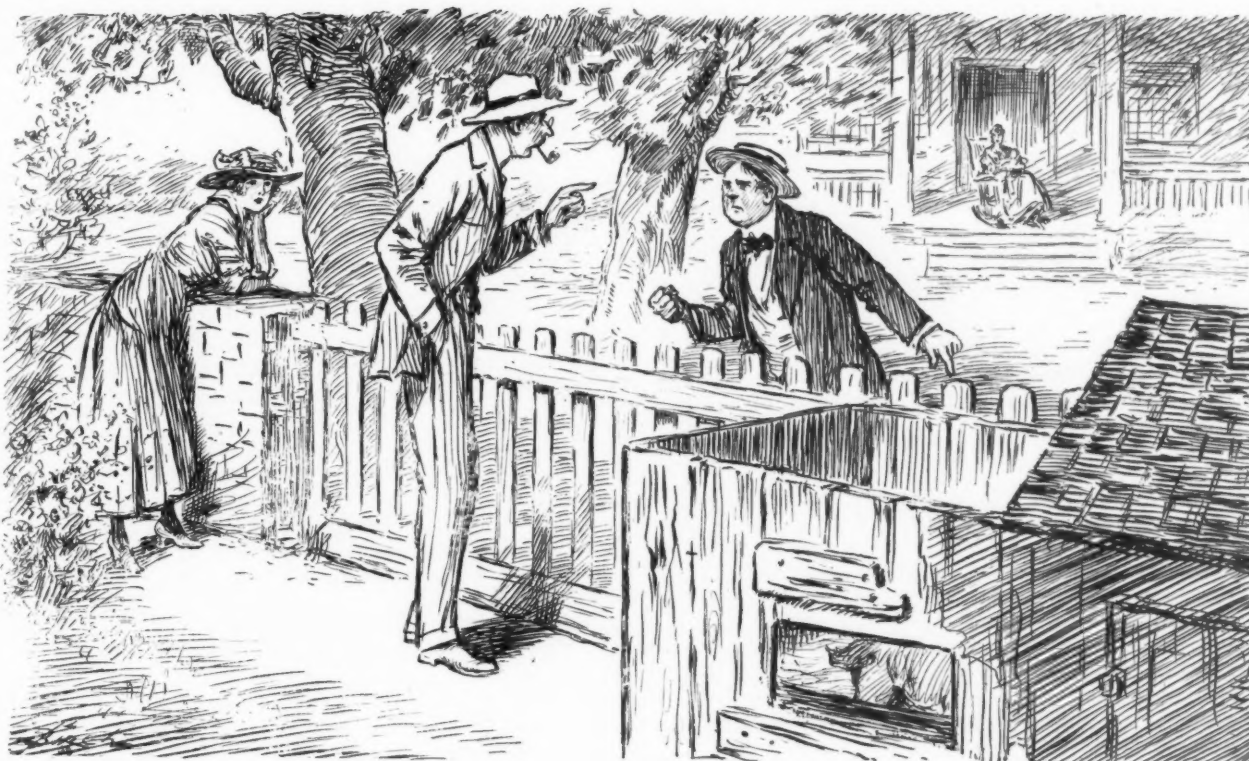
FIRST RED CROSS WORKER: How is it the Huns never bomb your hospital?

SECOND RED CROSS WORKER: We have it camouflaged to look like a brewery.



SNAPSHOT OF HERR PROFESSOR SCHNIFFLEKOPF, UNTIL NOW A STAUNCH UPHOLDER OF THE THEORY THAT "MIGHT IS RIGHT"





"LOOK HERE, NEIGHBOR, I HATE TO COMPLAIN, BUT YOUR BABY KEEPS US AWAKE MOST OF THE NIGHT."

"YES, SIR, AND THAT PET PIG OF YOURS GETS US UP EARLY IN THE MORNING."

"BUT OUR PIG IS HELPING TO WIN THE WAR."

## Mutual

THE Alabama contingent was using the names of Alabama towns for countersigns. On this particular night a sentry challenged an officer. He replied, "A friend with the countersign." Now the sentry should have said, "Advance and give the countersign," but he did not. He cocked his gun. The officer, hearing it, nervously exclaimed, "Aren't you going to advance me?" "Advance, hell!" answered the sentry. "If you don't say 'Birmingham' I'm going to shoot."

A few nights later this same contingent of Alabamans was using the name of a French town, Armandvilliers, as the countersign. A soldier approaching was promptly challenged, and answered, "A friend with the countersign." This sentry knew his duty. He called, "Advance and give the countersign." The soldier approached and, sheepishly scratching his head, said, "Durned ef I ain't fergot it!" "So hev I," said the sentry. "Pass, friend."

## Time Will Tell

"I THOUGHT I was the most unpopular man in this club, but they say Pillson over there can beat me."

"But, my dear fellow, he has been a member longer than you have. Don't be discouraged."



## MORE CAMOUFLAGE

"PLEASE, YOUR HONOR, I WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE MY NAME FROM TECKELHEIM VON LIMBURGER TO SILAS SALTONSTALL."



SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SON

## Can Hearst Come Back?

WHEN the Kaiser goes will William Hearst go with him?

Are William Hearst's works running down? Will the collapse of his great machine be a by-product or concomitant of the collapse of the great machine of the Kaiser?

It is a very interesting question, to which prudent folks will hesitate to run in with answers. The current drive on Hearst is pretty brisk. It is stronger, better founded and supported, and harder pressed than any similar assault that one remembers. It is not local. It is not a fight with rotten cabbages and bad eggs over a state or municipal election. It is a fight about fundamentals, about vital matters of public policy, in which the missiles that William has to dodge are extracts from his own papers. It is the Hearst of nineteen-fourteen, -fifteen, -sixteen and -seventeen that the Hearst of nineteen-eighteen has to face when he peeps out of his trenches.

For William Hearst got in wrong in the war. Heaven knows why. It seemed so natural to anyone not of German blood to be right about it, with all he was and all he had, from the day the first German soldier crossed the Belgian line! And it was not only natural, but it was sure in the long run to be popular. How did it befall that William missed that road? It does not lodge in memory what his papers made of the first onset. Probably they were horrified, like everyone else. Most of the men who work for Hearst are

human beings touched by the same emotions as the rest of us, revolted by the same crimes, desirous, as a rule, of the same benefits to humanity. The treatment they undergo is intelligent and—so far as known—neither mean nor harsh. Their natural dispositions and impulses are not suppressed, but skilfully used to give wholesome variety and substance to the great daily mass that contains in it the suggestions that it is the Hearst purpose to disseminate. Probably the Hearst papers railed as heartily over the rape of Belgium as anybody, but as the war went on, the purpose took shape and grew and hardened, to keep the United States out of any position that was helpful to England and to check the development of power to help her if we should eventually conclude to do so.

And of course denial of help to England meant denial of help to all the Allies. Steadily and skilfully from week to week and year to year, through all the period of our neutrality, Hearst played the German game, nourishing and stimulating distrust of England and Japan, clamoring for rigid enforcement of neutrality rules against Great Britain, making much of the need of military proceedings in Mexico. And when neutrality ended, he was strong for American troops for home defense and for nothing else.

The evidence of all these feats is on the pages of the files of the various Hearst organs of public instruction and entertainment. There is no trouble

about finding it. The trouble is to make the selections out of so great a mass. The *Tribune* has done that very well, and even put the selections into pamphlets, so that the Hearst war record may be conveniently examined. The Kaiser bought a newspaper here (the *Mail*), and had it managed in the German interest. To compare its course under the Imperial direction with that of the Hearst papers under Hearst's direction is very instructive. The *Mail* and the *American* might both have been under Hearst management or both under the Kaiser, for any visible difference there was in their outpourings.

Having done everything he could for the German cause as long as it was safe, William Hearst is now supporting the war and the government of the United States with a fury so exemplary as to suggest that he is conscious of the need to let out his last tuck, if he is to save his journalistic hide. We shall see if he can do it. He bet on the Kaiser, and he is going to lose. Can he hedge enough to save his skin?

Perhaps he can. He is a very adroit person. He knows the newspaper business. He can make successful magazines. He employs clever men, and is able to keep them on the job. He knows how very short is the memory of the great public and how little average readers care for what a newspaper said last year. Moreover, there is doubtless an important body of readers, and perhaps of advertisers, who are in sympathy with him, and have been all along, and recognize his predicament. Perhaps as a publisher he will triumph over adversity; perhaps even as a politician he may do something again. He doesn't need to do the impossible, to fool all the people all the time, but only some of them from day to day.

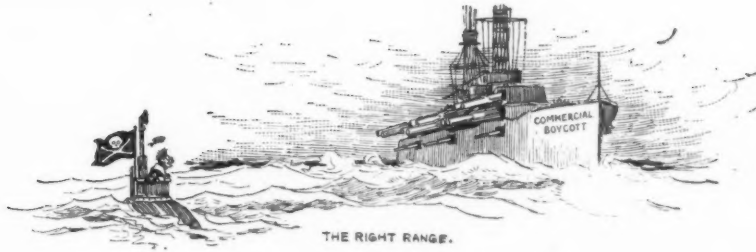
So he may yet pull out of the hole, but it is a deep, deep hole, and he is in it up to his neck.

E. S. M.

### Antiquated

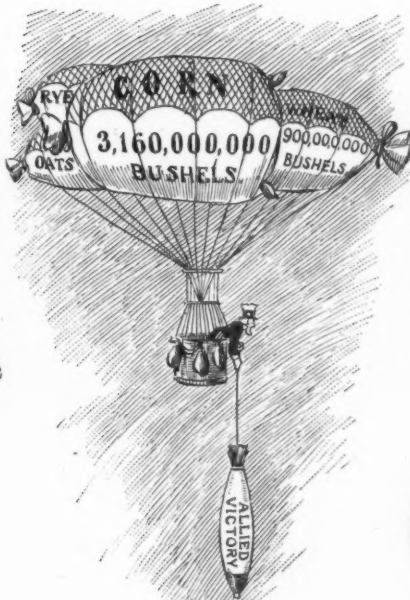
"LOVE makes the world go 'round," quoted the Parlor Philosopher.

"Yes, but it has to be cranked," replied the Mere Man. "It isn't a self-starter."

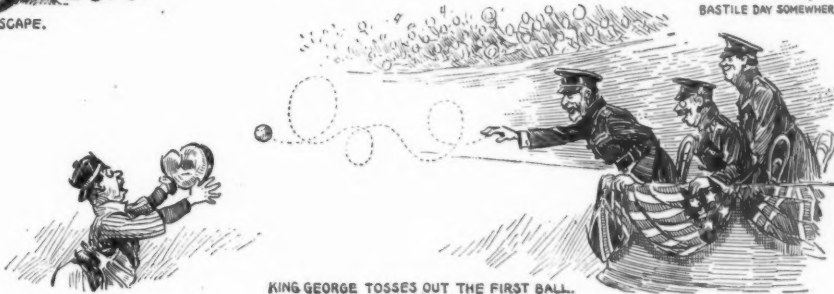
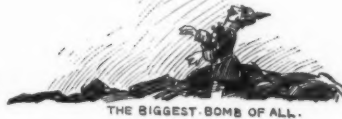


THE RIGHT RANGE.

# July



CLOTHES WILL BE WORN MUCH SHORTER THIS SEASON.







BROTHER, THY TAIL HANGS DOWN BEHIND

"Here we sit in a branchy row,  
Thinking of beautiful things we know,  
Dreaming of deeds we mean to do,  
All complete, in a minute or two."  
*Kipling—"The Jungle Book."*

### Popular Conceptions

**A** BOLSHEVIK is a wild-eyed, black-headed, narrow-chested combination of Russian, Pole and Hebrew who is always running away from something or killing people on the sly. He never bathes or brushes his hair, and the moment anything is, he wants to have it abolished.

A Sinn Feiner is a man with Celtic whiskers who spends his time in cel-

lars consorting with Prussians. His object is to overthrow the British Empire. He lives in Dublin, New York and parts of Milwaukee.

A Chorus Girl is a young woman who never sleeps, and passes most of the time, when not on the stage, in drinking champagne with millionaires. Her age is variously estimated at from sixteen to a hundred and sixty, according to the depth of her make-up.

A Specialist is a man whose principal occupation is robbing people of all the money they have and operating upon them needlessly with instruments specially devised for this purpose. When for various reasons he cannot induce his patients to be operated upon, then he has a sanitarium into which they are incarcerated and slowly robbed and starved to death.

An Editor is a mean, vindictive creature whose main object in life is to prevent anything intelligent from getting into his paper. To accomplish this he surrounds himself with a few well-known authors long past their usefulness, printing their manuscripts for the sake of their names, while unknown geniuses who send in masterpieces are wholly ignored. All Editors, of course, are under the direct control of the advertising departments.

The Society Woman lies abed drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes every day until noon, when her maid, usually

named Marie, knocks gently and says, "Your bath is drawn, madam." She then rises, enters her limousine and goes shopping, buying several thousand dollars' worth of lingerie and hats. In the afternoon she attends polo games and fêtes, and in the evening spends her time in opera or theatre boxes or playing bridge for large stakes. She is either about to get a divorce, has just obtained one, or is not living with her husband—to whom, however, she always bows politely when they meet in public.

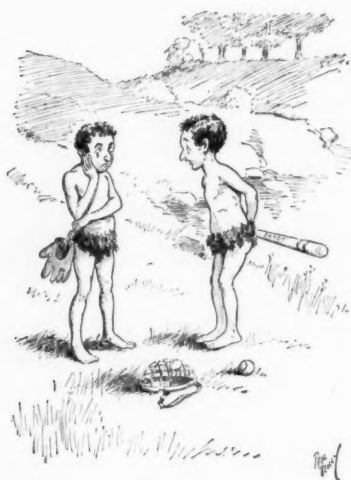
### Von Tirpitz's Big Idea

**M**R. GERARD says it was von Tirpitz's intention to seize the British navy, man it with Germans, and use it to make the United States pay for the war.

It was a fine, robust intention, but too much like the intention of a medium-sized dog to take a large bone away from a dog several sizes larger and at least equally ambitious.

We wish von Tirpitz had descended to more details. The British navy was always bigger than his. Now, combined with ours, it is about twice as big. How did he ever expect to seize it?

**O**UR town went dry yesterday.  
"No more alcohol?"  
"Except in the homes."



Cain: WHAT'RE YOU THINKING ABOUT, ABEL?

Abel: IF WE HAD SIXTEEN BROTHERS WE COULD START A BALL GAME.

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SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIA



AUGUST 8, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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ONE of the papers had a piece in it about the late Ward McAllister and dinner-giving and the ambitions of Germans is to be any better than its fathers it must be taken in hand, and hands for the purpose are lacking at home, so the outlook is dubious.

polite life, and it was quite refreshing to read for an entire change. Heaven knows what we shall read about or think about when the war is over, or what new appetite for romance or frivolity we may develop. For most people it is too soon yet even to read war novels, though doubtless someone does read them, for they continue to be published. But the great staple is the newspaper, morning, noon and night.

We read it now with maps that show the daily shrinking of the bulge between Rheims and Soissons, the bottom line of which approaches nearer to the top from day to day. The Germans fight hard and ably. They fall back, but they do it with obstinate reluctance, disputing about it all the way.

We continue to hear that our troops fight extremely well, and the favorite way to win the war continues to be to ship many millions more of these useful soldier-men to France. Doubtless we shall have two millions over there this year; possibly more; enough to impart continuous animation to the fighting for the four months that still intervene before winter.

The Germans fight bravely in rear-guard actions, but they are still nasty, and destroy and defile wherever they come, as heretofore. The tale of filth and destruction at Chateau-Thierry is a repetition of stories long since familiar. How ever to get the German warriors sufficiently house-broken to

live in a world made decent continues to be a question of intricate perplexity. Our soldiers seem not particularly anxious to solve it. They count, apparently, on the improvement of Germany by Germans too young to have been in the war, if it is to be improved at all. But if the rising generation of Germans is to be any better than its fathers it must be taken in hand, and hands for the purpose are lacking at home, so the outlook is dubious.



THE Democratic convention at Albany, declining with cautious unanimity to have anything to do with William Hearst, suggested Hon. Al. Smith as the best bet in the primaries. Mr. William Church Osborn will run against him for the nomination, but Mr. Smith seems likely to be the Democratic candidate.

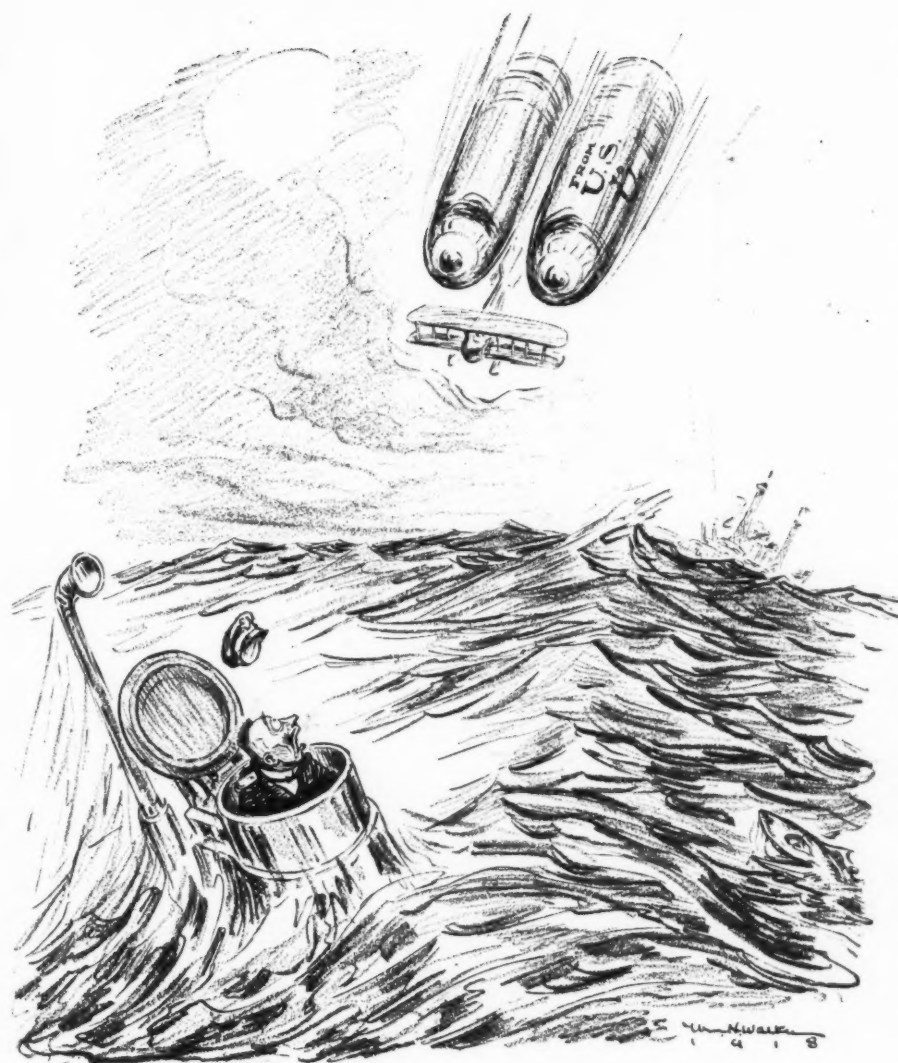
He is a well esteemed man, a Tammany man, but one of such personal qualities, exhibited in long and useful service in the state legislature, as have won him a general acceptance among New York State politicians. Judge Seabury in the convention spoke of him as the best representative of the worst element in the Democratic party in New York. Whether he can be elected will depend on the course the campaign takes. There are still votes up the state, and no doubt it is still hard to elect an Irish Catholic Tammany man governor of New York. The Roman Catholic citizens who will say that is very illiberal will probably be the same who turned against John

Purroy Mitchel for refusing to except Roman Catholic charities from proper and necessary investigation. All the same, the threat of Hearst was so ominous that to have the convention turn to anyone as good as Al. Smith made the Democrats very cheerful. Mr. Smith is a direct-speaking, direct-thinking, manly person, and has been useful to the state as a legislator.



IT will be a great blessing to this tormented world if one of the consequences of the great war shall be such a chastening and revision of the Roman Catholic Church as shall take it out of politics. The political Roman Catholics love to raise a howl of "religious prejudice" when there are signs of objection to a Roman Catholic for such an office as Governor of New York or President of the United States. The prejudice is objectionable, but it is not religious. It is very slightly concerned with articles of faith or the way a man says his prayers, and very much concerned with the demands that the masters of his church organization are likely to make on him as a faithful son. "Those d—d people will break my back!" exclaimed Mayor Mitchel one day as the door of his office closed on a departing delegation of Catholics. The way to cure the prejudice against Roman Catholics as candidates is not to howl it down, but to remove the cause of it, and of course that is a big job that goes down into the political roots of one of the strongest organizations in the world. Perhaps in the present world disturbance the foundations of things are going to be moved enough to bring about a better relation between the Roman Catholic Church and the rest of mankind, but heaven knows what the details of such a change can be. Meanwhile there are no better relations anywhere between the Roman Catholics and others than here in these States, and the common effort of Catholics and Protestants in the war are likely to improve them still further. In this last detail the war is a wonder-worker. Its immense needs, distresses and sorrows tend to shake all minor differences





"HERE'S LOOKING AT U!"

down into their true proportions, emphasizing grounds of agreement and minimizing causes of separation.



**C**ONGRATULATIONS to fellow-citizen George Sylvester Viereck for having made such a good thing out of the Kaiser. The papers report that George took in and salted safely

down upwards of a hundred thousand dollars of the K's American slush fund. Splendid, George! Splendid!

When Viereck used to say that American indignation over one occurrence or another "makes me ashamed of my country," and you realized that he meant the United States, of which he had hastened to become a naturalized citizen, of course it was apt to make you mad, but this news that all the time George was absorbing the good German money makes quite a bit for mitigation of his offenses.

All the same, it puzzles the mind to think where George Viereck and Wil-

liam Bayard Hale are going to live after the war. Will William Hearst still be in a position then to provide them with situations?



**O**LD Doctor Hindenburg has come alive again in the papers, and is credited once more with passably good health. Interest increases about the workings of his mind, and it is to be hoped that he is writing his confessions.

If enough Germans write their confessions it may not be necessary to have any revolution in that country, because the more detrimental people will beat it informally. The Lichnowsky revelations were very unsettling. If an epidemic of confessions ever sets in, in the present under-nourished condition of the people it may have wonderful consequences. And of course the German Junkers have that peculiarity of mind that they might not know they were confessing at all, but might suppose they were merely writing history.

The suggestion of Captain Von Beerfelde, made in a petition to the Reichstag, that the German leaders of 1914 must be "ruthlessly prosecuted," makes very interesting reading. The Captain, who got into trouble by circulating the Lichnowsky memoirs, declares that the leaders who got Germany into the war were "guilty of the most criminal forgery and the most abominable swindle." He says they are traitors and swindlers, and demands the arrest of von Bethmann-Hollweg.

When talk of that sort can get a public hearing in Germany things must be moving along, though it is not by talk but by indubitable works that the potency and sincerity of any new German emotion must be judged.

The rumor that Turkey has severed relations with Germany is interesting if true, though it may well be doubted whether Turkey has the power to quit her over-lord. And even if she can, she still has a horrible bill to settle with humanity.

It is getting hard to wait for things to happen; they promise to be so interesting.



· L I E ·



ptain of the Submarine





### The Inconsistent Yogi



RISHUNDER GOOSH, the Yogi,  
Is like a Pittsburg stogy  
As to color.

His eyes with dreams are misted;  
His offside ear is twisted  
Like a cruller—

The Psychic-Rosicrucian-Transcendental  
Hermetic-Theosophic Oriental!

He broods, in striking poses,  
On past metempsychoses  
Through the hours;  
The mages of all ages  
Enrich this Eastern sage's  
Mystic powers;  
And none I ever knew could match Gri-  
shunder  
in diligently doing deeds of wonder.

He'll take some rice and sow it;  
Then, stirred before you know it  
By the fairies,  
That rice will quickly flourish,  
Producing fruit to nourish  
Ten canaries!

Yet Goosh, like any Occidental scorner,  
Buys all his rice from Fritz around the  
corner!

I find his way of sending  
A message (patent pending)  
Most appealing:  
His spirit, free of fetters,  
Can waft you notes and letters  
Through the ceiling!  
And yet with me he mostly holds com-  
munion  
Per Postal-Telegraph or Western Union.

Commanding spooks and witches,  
He might be lord of riches  
Past all measure;  
For sacks of golden ducats  
And rubies heaped in buckets  
Wait his pleasure.  
Yet, strange to tell, this absent-minded  
scholar  
Dropped in just now and borrowed half  
a dollar!

Arthur Guiterman.

### The Point of View

"HE looks to me like a man who had  
loved and lost."

"He looks to me more like a man  
who had loved and won."

### An Open Letter

Dr. William Muchlon.

SIR: I hear on fairly reliable au-  
thority that you were at one time  
director of Krupp's and that you have  
issued a statement declaring that the  
Kaiser brought on the war. We have  
heard rumors to that effect before; in  
fact, everyone in the world knows that  
the Kaiser did bring on the war, except  
the ones that it would do the most  
good to know—namely, the German  
people. Couldn't you get it home to  
them? It might save much loss of life.  
They might believe you, doctor, even  
if you are a German. Try it.

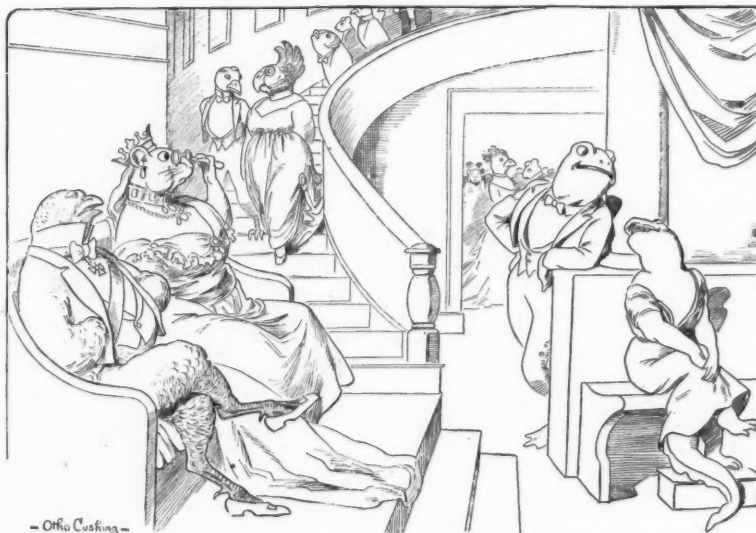
Philosophically yours,

LIFE.

### A Study in Scarlet

"HAS the Kaiser got red hair?"

"He must have, if he runs his  
hands through it."



—Otto Cushing—

Lord Bullfinch: IS IT POSSIBLE THE CHAMELEON GIRL CARES FOR THAT FROG  
PERSON, THAT "BOUNDER"?

Duchess Cheesemore: IT LOOKS SO. EVERY TIME HE COMES NEAR SHE  
CHANGES COLOR.



BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS (?)

## Ballade of Sinn Feiners

(The words "Sinn Fein" mean "Ourselves Alone")

OUR God is self: though nations die  
And countless thousands writhe in pain,  
We shut our ears to moan and cry  
And close our eyes to all the slain.  
The weak call out to us in vain;  
We frown not on the foulest deed.  
The reason for our stand is plain:  
"Ourselves alone"; that is our creed.

An outraged maiden's dying sigh  
Fills us with naught but cold disdain;  
And when the Prussians crucify  
Our friends we never wax insane  
And curse the beasts who so bestain  
This world of ours. Oh, no, indeed!  
By doing so what would we gain?  
"Ourselves alone"; that is our creed.

Though all the world should go awry,  
We would not care, could we attain  
Our little ends. (The porker's sty  
Provides our model, in the main.)  
"Self! Self!" That's all that's in  
our brain:  
To aught but self we give no heed,  
We Brothers of the Coward Strain—  
"Ourselves alone"; that is our creed.

## Envoi

Let brutes hold sway; let liars reign;  
Let Truth and Justice bow to Greed;  
Let Law be scorned; let Manhood wane:  
"Ourselves alone"; that is our creed.

## The Trio Completed

THE conversation during dinner became quite animated.

"A patriot," remarked a witty young woman, "is a man who refuses to hook up his wife's gown."

"And a martyr," said a man, sitting opposite, "is one who attempts and fails, while a hero tries and succeeds."

"Then what is a coward?" asked one of the party.

"Oh, a coward," replied the witty young woman, "is a man who remains single, so he won't have to try."

LOOK at this picture of the new Russian ambassador.

Ah, yes. How nice! So this is Bolshevik himself, is it?

1878



"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO

1898



AND

1918



WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT"





RECKLESS ORVILLE

### A Disturbing Suggestion

SCENE: Office of daily paper. Managing editor looking over latest hot-air bulletin from Mr. Creel. Enter Editor-in-chief.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Well, what's the news?

MANAGING EDITOR: Nothing special. I was just wondering if we are doing all we can to win the war. We mustn't miss a single trick.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: That's right! I'm

with you there. We are playing up Thrift Stamps thoroughly, aren't we?

"In every issue."

"And advertising the Smoke Fund?"

"We've raised eight thousand dollars."

"Are we paying enough attention to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.?"

"Doing all we can."

"How about Liberty Loans?"

"Printing all the material from Washington and running ads. every day."



SLANGY GEORGE

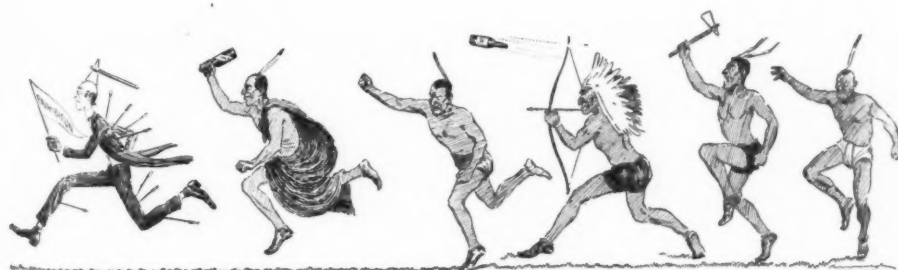
"Well, is there anything more you can possibly think of?"

MANAGING EDITOR (hesitatingly): Well, sir, I didn't know but possibly, in view of the grim necessity, we might furnish a good example if we cut down on our full pages of department-store ads. and leave out our Sunday comic supplements.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Never! What are you trying to do? At this critical time in the history of the world you want to curtail the power of the press. Treason! Sedition!

### The Retort Proper

A TROOP train was at the station. The soldiers had eaten the sandwiches, drank the hot (watered) coffee, and were busy absorbing candy and smiles as furnished by the girls, when a person wearing trousers butted in with the taboo question, "Where are you going?" The reply came like the bark of a rifle: "Jump into a uniform and find out."



IF WE WERE REAL AMERICANS

## The Good Salient



PAULETTE BORREAU,  
BABY 2447

AS LIFE goes to press the Huns are having a good deal of trouble with that Soissons-Rheims salient which they protruded into French territory. It's a different story with that other salient of sympathy and good will which has been projected by LIFE's generous readers, and which covers the whole of France. We wish we could say that it covers every war orphan in France, but to provide maintenance for all the war orphans, whose numbers are constantly increasing, is beyond even the great power of the benevolence of our readers. They are doing a big share, and the good will endure for years to come.

LIFE has received for the French babies \$223,841.01, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,214,569.95 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

Lena A. Loveland, Watertown, N. Y., for Baby No. 2864... \$73  
 "In memory of Lee Valentine," Asheville, N. C., for Baby No. 2865... 73  
 Miss Carolyn Jamison, Greensburg, Pa., for Baby No. 2866... 73  
 American Fire Fighters' Fund, collected through the *Fireman's Herald*, New York City, for Baby No. 2868... 73  
 Henry T. Sloane, Watertown, L. I., for Baby No. 2869... 73  
 Mrs. Edward E. Jackson, Jr., Bretton Woods, N. H., for Baby No. 2870... 73  
 Employees of the Western Union Telegraph and Telephone Co., New York City, for Baby No. 2871... 73  
 Mrs. Arthur Sachs, New York City, for Baby No. 2872... 73  
 The Junior War Workers of the Aguila Colony of Tampico, Mexico (Vista Cranfield, Beatrice Arriaga, Phyllis Posgate, Janie Posgate, Billy Dutton, James Posgate, Helen Leach, Peggy Cook and William Cook), for Baby No. 2874... 73  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Lazare, San Anselmo, Cal., for Baby No. 2877... 73  
 Roland and Teddy Luther, Pottsville, Pa., for Baby No. 2878... 73  
 Mrs. Hay Anderson, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 2879... 73  
 Junior Red Cross Auxiliary of Ashland, Ohio, for Baby No. 2881... 73  
 Mr. and Mrs. George W. Stedman, Albany, N. Y., for Baby No. 2883... 73  
 RENEWALS: "In memory of a son," Wheeling, W. Va., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Goodwin, Greensburg, Pa., \$73; from Eugene



GILBERT BLANCHARD,  
BABY 2431



GEORGE PLEUVRY,  
BABY 1869



GERMAINE DUBOIS,  
BABY 1225



MAURICE AND GABRIEL  
BONNAVENTURE, BABIES  
2193 AND 2440

T. Chamberlain, Washington, D. C., in behalf of himself, Mrs. A. F. Kitchel, Sound Beach, Conn., Mrs. F. E. Hill, Bloomfield, N. J., Miss A. Pellissier, Northampton, Mass., Miss Helen W. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Waldemar Van Cott, L. M. Allison, Jr., and B. R. Howell, of Salt Lake City, Utah, W. H. Morling, Emmetsburg, Iowa, R. C. Sargent, Boston, Mass., Eugene L. Fallon, Baltimore, Md., \$36.50; H. W. S., Cambridge, Mass., \$219; Mrs. Donald C. Cubbison, Butler, Pa., \$36.50; Mrs. Andreini, New York City, \$73; Miss Elinor Holbrook, Hyannisport, Mass., \$73; "Lee and William," \$73.

ON ACCOUNT: "The Monday Sewing Club of Tampico, Mexico," \$24; The Westminster Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, \$20; The Sunshine Club of Beech, Mich., \$10; A. P. C., Pace's P. O., Va., \$32.50; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colo., \$3; Girls of the First Reformed Sunday School, Nyack, N. Y., \$36.50; "An American," Cincinnati, Ohio, \$30; George L. Lincoln and Herbert A. Chase, Boston, Mass., \$53; "The Club," Cincinnati, Ohio, \$15; A. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$10.

### BABY NUMBER 2858

Already acknowledged... \$44.08  
 Jeanette J. Christmas, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., 5  
 H. C. Hawkins, Mexico D. F., Mexico, 10  
 "Hamilton, Ohio" 5

\$64.08

### BABY NUMBER 2876

Mrs. J. Adams Brown, Norwalk, Conn., \$36.50  
 In Statu Quo Club, Boston, Mass., 36.50

\$73

### BABY NUMBER 2882

Helen Jamopoulo, Webster Groves, Mo., \$50  
 John T. Pickett, Manila, P. I., 10

\$60

### THE PLAN OF THE FRENCH BABIES' FUND

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the *Fraternité Franco-Américaine*, an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The *Fraternité* has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management.

Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. To those who are unable to contribute the whole seventy-three dollars at one time a child will be assigned under a pledge to complete this amount.

As fast as LIFE receives from the *Fraternité* the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child.

Contributors wishing to correspond with the mothers should address them as "Mme. Veuve" (surname of the child) at the town and department given. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Contributors will be notified at the expiration of the two years, and be given opportunity to continue the support, if they so desire.

The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the *Fraternité* with no deduction whatever for expenses. Under the present regulations of the American Red Cross LIFE is unable to forward packages to the children. Gifts of money we can remit with other funds.

Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company. Owing to the large amount of detail work connected with the fund, contributions are acknowledged only through LIFE.



A NON-COMBATANT

### An Old Soldier

HE dreams the years away in old campaigns—  
 Bull Run and Gettysburg and Malvern Hill;  
 He sees those bygone soldiers fighting still,  
 And far more real their losses and their gains,  
 To him, than are the tents in spring-clad lanes  
 That now their dauntless young descendants fill  
 With stalwart strength and ringing songs, which thrill  
 In quickening ardor through a nation's veins.

So busily his gray head cogitates—  
 When Grant did this, when Sheridan did that—  
 That he may not return to wonder at  
 The silent house, the bugles at his gates,  
 Nor guess the fire struck from his memories  
 Has sent his grandson proudly overseas.

*Charlotte Becker.*

### Synonymous

THE word 'highbrow' used to mean someone excessively intellectual, but now it apparently means someone who is disagreeable."

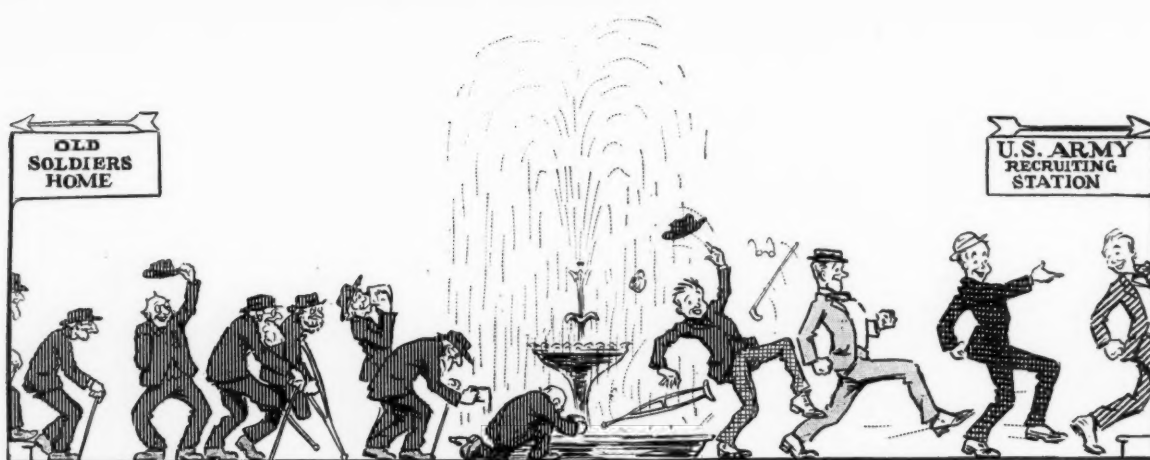
"Well, what's the difference?"



A VETERAN OF THE FUTURE

*Chorus:* AND, OH, GRANDFATHER! TELL THE ONE ABOUT HOW YOU SAVED THE COLONEL AND GOT THE CROSS!





THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

IF IT WERE ONLY IN EXISTENCE TO-DAY, WHAT JOY FOR VETERANS OF '61!

### The House That Gott Built

THIS is the house that Gott built.  
This is the Hun that lived in the house that Gott built.

This is the hate that filled the Hun that lived in the house that Gott built.

These are the victims, mangled and torn, that succumbed to the hate that filled the Hun that lived in the house that Gott built.

These are the Liberty Bonds galore that backed up the boys from the Yankee shore against the house that Gott built.

This is the victory, sure and swift, that came to our boys from the land of thrift that avenged the victims, mangled and torn, that succumbed to the hate that filled the Hun that lives no more in the house that Gott built.

### The Kaiser Is Worried

IF any kind person has sympathies that are not in active use, he might do worse than to employ just a few of them on the Kaiser. For the Kaiser not only is in very bad, but gives a good deal of evidence of being aware of it. What one reads about him has to be taken with doubts and allowances, but here a line and there a line in the papers—here a report and there a whisper—represent William as giving a pretty lifelike impersonation of Frankenstein deeply worried about the antics and disposition of his monster.

A London dispatch in the *Sun* of

July 15 declared that the Kaiser is suffering from intense jealousy of Hindenburg (if alive) and Ludendorff, and that that impelled him to have Kuehlmann tell the Reichstag that a German victory could not be obtained by military force. It is likely that on off days, when his ginger is low, William realizes that he is beaten, and inclines to make the best of it, but can't, because the General Staff and the war-party won't let him. The papers reported that he had counseled the Prussian House of Lords not to expel Lichnowsky, who revealed so incon-

siderately how Germany brought on the war, but the Lords expelled him, all the same.

We may yet see the Kaiser at the head of a revolutionary movement to oust the Junkers and make Prussia safe for Hohenzollernized democracy. In most countries, after a man has talked like a lunatic for thirty years, and had his delusions exposed at cost of thirty or forty million lives, it would be impossible for him to excuse himself and get a new trial. But perhaps it is possible in Germany. It may be that in that curious country the leopard can change his spots and be accepted as a victim of circumstances.

### Bill Has Lots to Learn

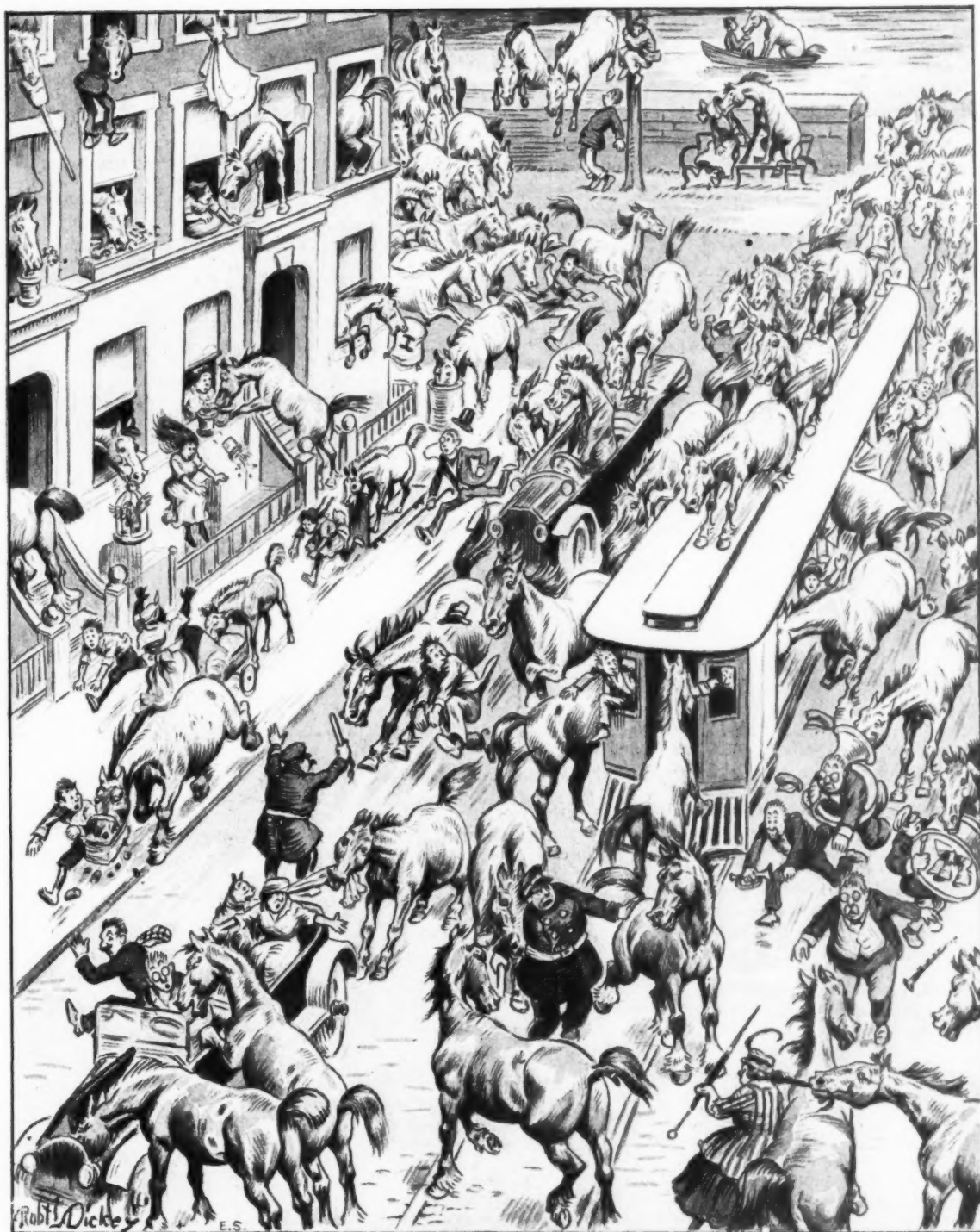
THERE be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four, which I know not:  
The way of an Allied plane in the air;  
The way of a soldier with his back to the wall;  
The way of a destroyer in the sub-filled seas;  
And the way of a Yankee with a gun.



"Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease"

EDITOR: You say you are a modern poet.  
"Yes, sir."

"Your work doesn't show it. Why, these poems of yours must have all been written last year."



IF WISHES WERE HORSES

## Letters from the Front

**F**OR letters from men in the American fighting forces in France LIFE will pay ten dollars each, if they are considered of sufficient interest to print. Correspondents are advised to keep duplicates. The name and address of the sender should be plainly written on each manuscript.

## "Don't Worry, Mother"

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

I am getting your letters very well.

My! but the Hun is active! He is fighting for his very life. Soldiering now is a great game. If you could see your boy dashing over the battlefield binding up the wounded you would be pleased, I am sure. I am not getting chesty, but I feel I am doing my part in this struggle.

Fighting, as you may read, is now done in the open. It is a great sight to stand on a ridge and see the battle wage. Here they advance, there they retire.

I have seen the Huns come over the hills and ridges in waves. Machine guns were trained on them, and I have seen them mowed down as a reaper mows down wheat.

I have been in a great struggle for the last week, but I am with a fighting regiment, and we fight to the last. Do not worry about me, because I feel my chances are good.

It amuses me to see how much hardship one can stand. I can work for four or five days with little sleep, and after a night's rest come out on top again.

The artillery duels are terrific. The Huns have innumerable guns and much ammunition, and they certainly use them. They chuck shells around over an area of six to twenty-four miles behind the front line. Just think of their shelling Paris! I left there in time. They are kidding themselves when they think they are going to Paris. Before that happens a great pitched struggle to the finish will occur.

I could write to you more, but my time is limited. Will write in a few days. I have not gotten any packages or magazines up to now.

Affectionately,

NEIL.

Somewhere in France.

## In the Trenches

DEAR EDITOR:

YOUR LIFE and my life are together up here in the trenches, and because we've just tossed over a few shells from our baby "75" to Fritz, bearing the chalked reminder to him that "We're here—to h— with you!" I am feeling quite contented with the war, as one

who "obeys that impulse." We frequently obey impulses over here, too, and have great fun teasing the Boche, who, as yet, doesn't quite understand our sport. The prevailing fad at present, you know, is to have early morning carousals with our enemy—anywhere from three to six A. M., and those who don't keep up to the minute in the fashions are quite often no longer recognized by "us elite," except in loving memory.

Honestly, LIFE, it isn't half bad—this life in the trenches: you eat, sleep and read, and when you get feeling blue about home and the folks, you just vent your spite on Fritz, and keep religious by praying for each shell to "bust" right. And if you're lucky enough to get a nice, soft wound, just think of the pleasure of having your hand held by a girl from home—and finally emerging with a bright gold stripe—well, come on over; the water's fine.

Yours in joyous anticipation of victory and a long life for us both, V. H. A.

## How It Feels

DEAR OLD PAL O' MINE:

Do you remember just before I left the shores of dear old America you said, "Don't forget to get a Hun for me"?—and then you asked me how I'd feel when I killed my first man. I wasn't a regular soldier then, you know, and I replied that I'd probably go off in the corner somewhere and feel rather blue, because it had always been against my

principles to kill, even in war. Well, the deed is done. Not more than three hours ago I dived on one—fired—and down he went. Thanks to having one of the finest machines in the squadron, I made some dive—two hundred and thirty miles per hour. Not many machines could stand that. If mine couldn't have, I wouldn't have been writing this letter.

I no sooner got back to my hut, where I am now (and, by the way, you should see it, papered with postcards, etc.), than I thought of having promised to tell you how I felt after I had done my first real bit in the war.

Well, I didn't go off into a corner or feel a bit blue—instead, a glorious and victorious feeling came over me, and I felt as if I had been on a hunt and killed a wild beast—only this time I didn't bring home my game, but I knew he wouldn't be able to do any more damage.

Up to last week we were doing reconnaissance and photographic work, but now, thank heaven! we are on fighting only. During the last week this squadron has justified its name of the crack squadron in France. So far this month we have twenty-three Huns to our credit. We got seventeen of them in two days, which establishes a new record.

I've pasted that picture from LIFE on the wall of our hut—the one of the girl and boy on the aeroplane, but I haven't thought of a good title to it yet. That chap couldn't take his lady up with him over here; it would mean court martial, and I'll vouch that they'd have worse frost bites than I have if they didn't bundle up more. It's frightfully cold above the clouds, and we are none too warm with fur-lined leather coats over heavy suits, woollens and sweaters.

Best greetings to all,

RALPH.

No. — Squadron, R. F. C.,  
B. E. F., France.

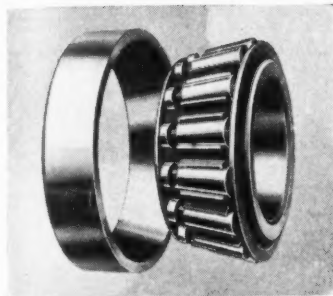


COWBOY STYLE





# These Assured Leadership



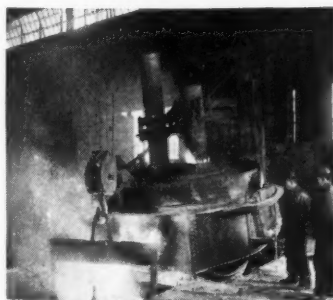
Timken Roller Bearing



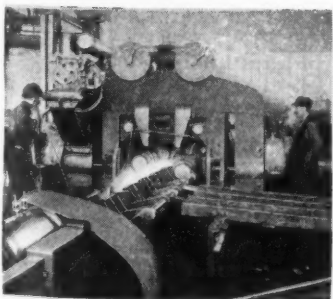
Sorting the Rollers



Mounting the Bearing



Heroult Electric Furnace



Timken Tube Mill

## Design That Fits Any Condition of Use

In passenger cars of every type. In motor truck, delivery car, taxicab, or farm tractor. At wheels, knuckleheads, transmission, differential, pinion or worm. At every hard-service point in any type of au-

tomotive vehicle, the Timken tapered design meets the two great essentials of a good bearing—resistance to *both* weight and end-pressure, and take-up for the ultimate wear inevitable in any bearing.

## Accuracy Even to the Twelfth Part of a Hair

The sorting machine shown at the left automatically distributes Timken rollers into lots differing from each other by less than one ten-thousandth of an inch and does its work speedily—accurately.

This is made possible only by the extreme care with which hundreds of other operations and inspections have assured the uniformity of Timken accuracy, which adds many miles to the life of each bearing.

## The Right Size and Proper Mounting in Each Car

Every effect of weight, power, speed and road and load conditions is considered by Timken engineers in selecting a bearing of just the right size and taper for its special duty and its particular place in your car.

And their experience with hundreds of thousands of applications helps the car builder to mount each bearing so as to give you the utmost efficiency and the most complete protection to other working parts.

## But Timken Added These

### The Timken Steel Plant and Tube Mill Assure Complete Control of Quality

Thus Timken is in a position to control the quality and quantity of each of the elements in Timken Steel.

That steel is made in Timken electric furnaces, forged and rolled by Timken steel makers, made into tubing in the Timken tube mill. Only the finest raw

material goes to the shops where Timken Bearings are machined, hardened, ground and assembled.

Each step plays its part in the satisfactory service given by millions of Timken Bearings to millions of car owners.

THE  
TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.  
Canton, Ohio

# TIMKEN BEARINGS

FOR MOTOR CAR, TRUCK & TRACTOR



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Benighted Boston

Owing to the war a distinguished Boston man, deprived of his summer trip to Europe, went to the Pacific coast instead. Stopping off at Salt Lake City, he strolled about the city and made the acquaintance of a little Mormon girl.

"I'm from Boston," he said to her. "I suppose you do not know where Boston is?"

"Oh, yes, I do," answered the little girl eagerly. "Our Sunday-school has a missionary there."—*The Argonaut*.

"PAT, what's that piece of blank paper you have in your hand?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Oh, that's a letter from my wife."

"How do you mean a letter from your wife? Sure, there's no writing on it."

"Of course not. The missus and myself are not on speaking terms."

—*New York Globe*.



"LET'S BOTH BE PATRIOTIC, MA'AM, AND WEAR OUR LAST YEAR'S CLOTHES"

### A Matter of Judgment

Two San Francisco negroes were discussing the possibilities of being drafted.

"Tain't gwine do 'em any good to pick on me," said Lemuel, sulkily. "Ah certainly ain't gwine do any fightin'. Ah ain't lost nothin' oveh in France. Ah ain't got any quarrel with anybody, and Uncle Sam kain't make me fight."

Jim pondered over this statement for a moment.

"You' right," he said at length. "Uncle Sam kain't make you fight. But ae can take you where de fightin' is, and after that you kin use you' own judgment."—*Everybody's*.

### Germany's Last Word

Arthur Train, the novelist, put down a German newspaper at the Century Club, in New York, with an impatient grunt.

"It says here," he explained, "that it is Germany who will speak the last word in this war."

Then the novelist laughed angrily and added:

"Yes, Germany will speak the last word in the war, and that last word will be 'Kamerad!'"—*Washington Star*.

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# RACING AT SARATOGA

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st (Inclusive)

SIX RACES EVERY WEEK DAY, RAIN OR SHINE

### Saturday, August 10th SARATOGA SPECIAL

For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

### Saturday, August 17th THE TRAVERS STAKES

For Three Year Olds. 1 1/4 Miles.

### Saturday, August 24th GRAND UNION HOTEL STAKES

For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

### Wednesday, August 14th THE SANFORD MEMORIAL

For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

### Tuesday, August 20th THE GRAB BAG HANDICAP

For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

### Saturday, August 31st THE HOPEFUL STAKES

For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

### Saturday, August 17th THE SPINAWAY STAKES

For Two Year Old Fillies. 5 1/2 Furlongs.

### Saturday, August 24th BEVERWYCK STEEPLECHASE

About Two Miles.

### Saturday, August 31st SARATOGA CUP

For Three Year Olds and Up. 1 1/4 Miles.

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18 East 41st Street, New York. From July 25th to September 1st, 18 Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A. McL. EARLOCKER, Racing Secretary.

### The American Boy

THERE is some hope for the boy who has to be driven into the bathtub, but there is very little for the boy who must be driven away from the mirror.

A boy always quotes some boy older than himself as final authority in an argument with his mother.

Even if a boy doesn't get a ride, he covers a great deal of ground in chasing the wagon.

A boy who doesn't own a dog is almost as pitiable an object as a dog that doesn't belong to a boy.

"Put that right back where you found it!" is the slogan or war-cry on which boys are raised from the ages of two to sixteen.

Every boy of twelve wishes he could have some of the money for bat and ball that his mother spent on having photographs taken of him when he was a baby.

When a boy goes hunting and writes to his mother that he intends to kill a deer, his father laughs, but his mother prepares a space on the wall to hang the horns.

If a country boy consents to wear shoes in summer, it is with the compensating thought that he may step on the foot of the boy who goes barefooted.

F. L. G.

*IF John Bunyan had not had an especially stern jailer the world would never have known "Pilgrim's Progress." The great allegorist was an annual subscriber to LIFE, but he was not permitted to receive it during his confinement, and was therefore obliged to take to writing to pass the time.*



**Prof. I. Hubert's  
MALVINA  
CREAM**

is a safe aid to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a massage it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes the sting and soreness out of wind, tan and sun burn. Send for testimonials. Use Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap with Malvina Cream to improve your complexion. At all druggists, or send postpaid on receipt of price. Cream 50c. Lotion 50c. Soap 25c. PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

**BELL-ANS**  
Absolutely Removes  
Indigestion. One Package  
proves it. 25¢ at all druggists

**4 NEW GAMES of SOLITAIRE**

Postpaid, 25c.  
HOTEL VENDOME NEWS CO., Minneapolis, Minn.



## Don't conceal a faulty complexion—clear it by using

By the use of cosmetics, a fan, or by some similar artifice many a woman has been able to temporarily conceal a faulty complexion. But the woman who cares realizes that it is useless to resort to exteriorities to cover up complexion defects. She must get at the root of the trouble and strive to acquire a clear, healthy skin.

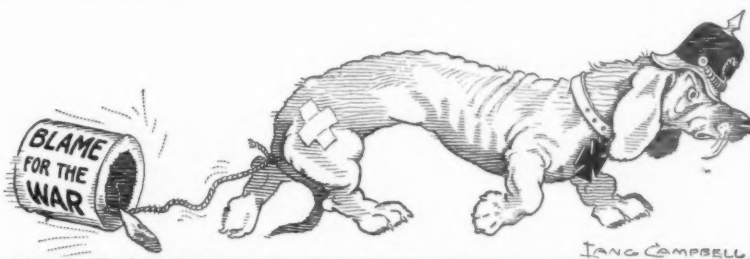
The regular use of the proper kind of soap goes far in this direction.

Resinol Soap is just that kind. It has an unusually cleansing lather, a mild refreshing odor, contains no harsh, drying alkali—all of which help it to relieve clogged, irritated pores, and give the skin a healthy outdoor look.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Men who want something better use Resinol Shaving Stick.

# Resinol Soap



"DONNERWETTER! IT WON'T SHAKE OFF! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE ACCURSED THING HOME WITH ME"



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Evidence

THE JUDGE (to jury, who have retired several times without agreeing): I understand that one jurymen prevents your coming to a verdict. In my summing up I have clearly stated the law, and any jurymen who obstinately sets his individual opinion against the remaining eleven is totally unfitted for his duties.

THE SOLITARY OBJECTOR: Please, m'lud, I'm the only man who agrees with you!—*Passing Show.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### Punishment Fits the Crime

JUDGE: You are charged with profanity.

PRISONER: How can that be, your honor, when I was arrested for getting rid of it?

JUDGE: Ten days for swearing. Thirty days for that joke.—*Boston Transcript.*

## BOGALUSA

LOUISIANA  
"The New South's Young City of Destiny."  
Never heard of it? Well, the payroll of Bogalusa's Industries is \$250,000 monthly. Write the Mayor.



Druggists; Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25c. each.



## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

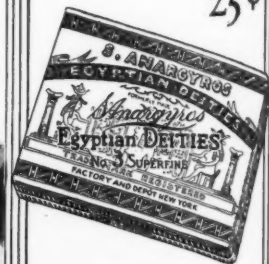
The Ultimate in Cigarettes  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

*Amargos*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

25¢



### Husband Was Skeptical

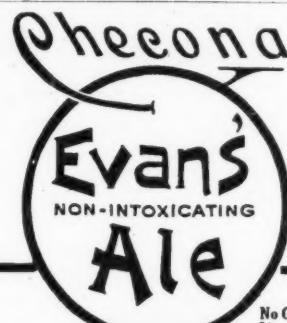
Mrs. Chinnwag was highly elated with the success of the women's meeting at which she had spoken, and she could not help remarking about it to her husband.

"I was absolutely outspoken in my sentiments," she remarked, "at the meeting to-day."

Chinnwag gasped and looked incredulous.

"I can hardly believe it, my dear," he replied. "Who outspoke you?"

—*Montreal Star.*



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New **STROMBERG** Does it!  
CARBURETOR

### The Real Question

For some reason the Sunday-school class had become interested in Methuselah. At their urgent request the teacher related all the authentic information recorded in the Bible about the amazing man, also various anecdotes gleaned from less reliable sources. In conclusion she said:

"Now, is that all? Are there any further questions you would like to ask about Methuselah?"

"I'd like to know," said the most interested youngster of the lot, "where all his birthday presents are buried!"

—*St. Louis Times.*

BERLIN would be a much happier capital to-day if every inhabitant was an annual subscriber to LIFE and could receive his weekly copy every Tuesday morning.



OBSTRUCTING TRAFFIC

## His Fate

TWO "kilties" from the same Scottish town met in a rest camp "somewhere in France," and started to exchange confidences.

"Whit like a send-off did yer wuman gie ye, Sandy, when ye left fur France?" asked Jock, presently.

Sandy lit a fresh cigarette before replying:

"Says she, 'Noo, there's yer train, Jock; in ye get, an' see an' do yer duty. By jingo, ma mannie, if I thoct ye wud shirk it oot yonder I wud see ye was wounded afore ye gang off!' That's the send-off she gaed me, Sandy."

## "Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

—use it after every bath

"Mum" neutralizes all body odors as they occur. Never interrupts natural functions. Harmless, stainless, beneficial. Lasts from bath to bath. For men and women.

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"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

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### Wetproof Steel Lined Shot Shells

DOUBLE your duck hunting luck in rough weather with the right shotshells—Remington UMC Smokeless "Arrow" or "Nitro Club" Wetproof Steel Lined "Speed Shells," made to stay dry and firm as a bullet regardless how wet the pocket that contains them, and shoot right.

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You will not be able to see the Wetproof improvement, but you will know it is there when you put your shells to the test of shooting under conditions which only Wetproof shells can stand.

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Largest Manufacturers of  
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## Home, Sweet(?) Home

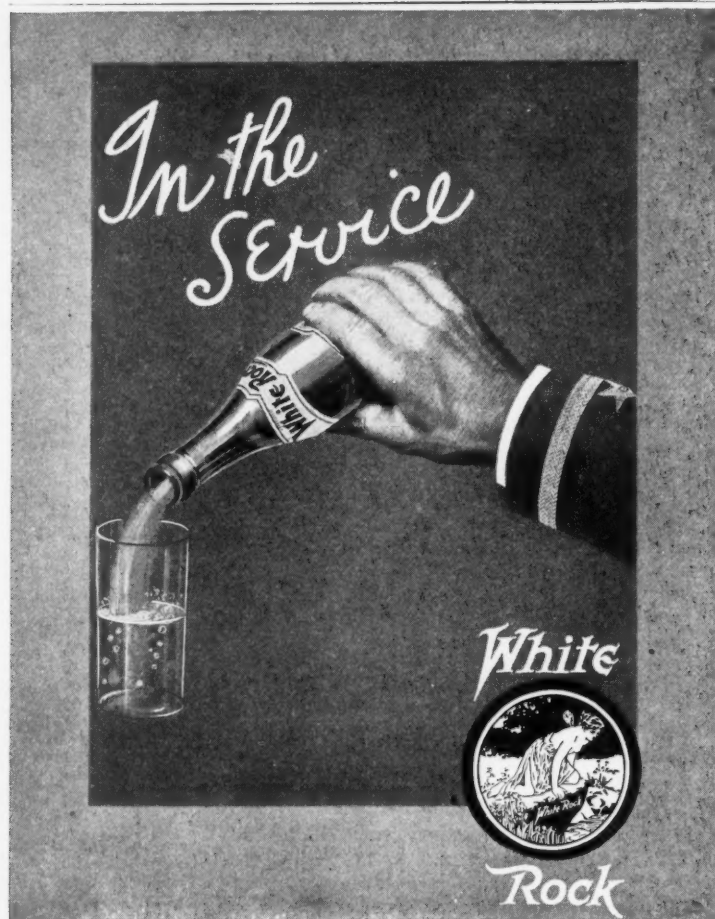
A GENTLEMAN farmer thought he would do a kind act and invite an East Side boy in his employ to spend a short vacation on his farm. This boy knew what city parks were like, vaguely, for he did not frequent them, but the sights and sounds of the real country were an unknown thing to him.

As they motored up to the farmhouse a weird cackle met their ears. The boy exclaimed in excitement,

"What's makin' de noise, mister?"

The gentleman replied, "Oh, those are the guineas." The boy cried in horror, "If de guineas mak' noises like dat out here I wants to go home!" An explanation and a view of the guineas quieted him for a while; but after a sleepless night, full of terror of the unfamiliar silences and the occasional strange and dreadful hoots of a screech-owl, the boy begged to be sent back home to the East Side, which held no terrors for him.





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of guests is the  
primary con-  
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ful parlors, inviting cozy  
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For Two Persons, \$3 to \$6.  
With Twin Beds, \$4 to \$6.  
Suites at various prices.  
800 Rooms.

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Cleveland

## A Problem in Paternalism

THERE was once a young man who did not like the existing order of things, so, on coming of age, he went to his father and said:

"I wish to be free."

"You are free," replied his father.

"Not in the sense that I mean. I wish to marry anybody that I please, and I wish to commit any crime that I please. By crime, understand, I mean only what you might call a crime, not what I would class as such."

"You cannot do that, my son. It might be against the sacredness of your family."

"But the sacredness of my family is nothing to me. I did not establish it. Why should I be bound by it?"

"Because, if everyone should do as you do, the State could not exist. Individuals form the family, and families form the State, and the State determines how everyone shall act."

"That is what I do not approve of. I have observed the State and do not agree with it."

"How do you disagree?"

"Practically in everything."

"What is your wish?"

"To be free to do just as I please. The State, for example, recognizes classes of society. It encourages very wealthy people, and gives them a much better chance than others, and thus grades are established. Now, I might want to marry a very poor girl, who, as you would say, is beneath me socially, and if I did, you would step in and prevent me."

"For your own good."

"I do not recognize any good but that which I have established for myself."

"That is because you do not understand the real meaning of authority."

"Wherever I see authority, it is a hypocrite, pretending to be sacred, and having the highest motives, but in reality pitting individuals against each other in all sorts of cruel competitions, purely for its own sake."

"Everything would be chaotic without the State."

"You mean that there would be no chance for any small number to rob and enslave the large number. Each individual being free, there could be no oppression."

"My son, have I been teaching you the higher principles of morality all my life for nothing?"

"No, father, not for nothing, for unless I had learned to know them as you have taught them to me, I should be unable to perceive how useless they are for my present purposes."

"Very well. Then I shall disinherit you."

This ended the conversation, but that night, the father being asleep, the son went to the strong-box, and extracted therefrom the amount which was to have been his inheritance, and made off with it, leaving the following note:

DEAR FATHER: During the course of my life, according to your own statement, you have given to me many valuable things—Morality, High-Mindedness, God, Duty, Reverence. I am returning to you all of these things with my compliments, but inasmuch as you concede they are so valuable, and you are a square man, you should give me something for them. Therefore I am taking as much cash as I think you consider them worth.

Cordially,

YOUR SON.

THE professional Prohibitionists take themselves too seriously. They wouldn't if they had the sense to become annual subscribers to LIFE.



# The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from LIFE  
By EDWARD S. MARTIN

*What the Reviewers say about it:*

From the *Boston Transcript*:

An American product is LIFE, just as *Punch* is a fruit of Great Britain's national existence. It has assumed a semi-political rank during the last three years through its Yankee freedom of critical, sometimes caustic, speech when reflecting upon our part, or former lack of part in the war. Mr. Martin has come near to being the James Russell Lowell of the day, in his frequent comments on the conflict in its many kaleidoscopic variations, comments that have stood pat with the sensations and sympathies of thousands of staunch Americans. He has been the able mouthpiece of a multitude.

One of the best of the selections in "The Diary of a Nation" is that on England's bulldog grip, "Hold On, John Bull!" a three page compressed statement of all the best instincts of our kinship with Great Britain.

From the *New York Evening Post*:

A sort of literary motion-picture—a progressive portrayal of the development of American sentiment in response to the development of the conflict.

From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

This is one of the few war books to be kept for all time.

From the *London Spectator*:

These articles from New York LIFE stand for a type of editorial comment for which there is no parallel in British

journalism—unconventional, colloquial, but trenchant and often intensely serious, though appearing in what is nominally a comic paper. . . . There is hardly a page that does not invite quotation.

From the *Boston Herald*:

Neither pacifist nor jingo, Mr. Martin has sanely summed up the war from week to week. Those who do not agree with him in this or that pronouncement will at least grant that he does not "slop over." His leaders on developments of the war from the first German rush into Belgium to the time of this country's entry as a belligerent are pointed expression of representative American opinion.

From the *Grand Rapids Press*:

It does not matter so much that Mr. Martin is an editor of the widely-known humorous weekly called LIFE. It matters a great deal that he is the sanest, least prejudiced and frankest of the country's editorial writers. These qualities, tempered with a kindly, whimsical humor and a fine sense of proportion, have made "The Diary of a Nation" something that we like to regard as typically American. It is really the story of the great war and how we got into it as shown by extracts from the editorial page of LIFE during the last three years. It is a worthwhile book.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, \$1.50.

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